

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

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Weymouth Gazette.

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SELECTED ARTICLES.

(From Sherren's Guide to Weymouth.)
WEYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Weymouth can claim an antiquity as a township equal to any portion of the United Kingdom. Ancient records, and the more certain indications continually opened up by the zealous antiquarian, confirm the opinion that Tyrian merchants traded to these shores, even before the luxurious Roman contended, foot by foot, for the soil of this county in particular, as for the Island in general. Traces of Phoenician pottery, altars for Druidical sacrifices, Roman, Saxon and Danish remains, and the still earlier specimens of unadorned prehistoric with which the coast and adjacent land abound, make this particular neighborhood one of great interest to the lovers of antiquarian research; whilst the fragmentary and crumbling ruins of monastic and feudal edifices claim for Weymouth an important place in the records of a "bygone age."

Weymouth derives its name from its situation on the south side of the mouth of the river Wey or Way, which rises about four miles distant in the village of Iwerney. It lies in 2 deg. 34 min. west long, and 51 deg. 38 min. north lat., and is 88 leagues by sea, and 130 miles by land from London.

The year 358 is the earliest period at which we have any authentic record of the town of Weymouth. In that year King Athelstan exposed his half-brother Edwin and his esquire to the fury of the winds and waves in an open boat without oars. Prince Edwin, overwhelmed with despair, leaped overboard, and found a watery grave; but his esquire was driven ashore on the coast of Pleadry, and was hospitably received by the inhabitants. The king was seized with a fit of remorse on account of this cruel transaction, and retired to a religious house at Langport, in Somersetshire, hoping by an after life of penance to atone for his crime. He also founded the abbey of Michelney and Middleton, (now Milton) where masses were sung for the repose of his brother's soul; and subsequently granted to the abbey all the water within the shore at Weymouth and half the stream of the said Weymouth at sea, together with nearly a hundred hides of land in the neighborhood, on condition that the monks of the abbey should pray for the repose of his soul, and the repose of the souls of his ancestors and successors, Kings of England.

The next mention we find of the town of Weymouth is in a charter of King Ethelred, now in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Wilton, by which the King gave a certain portion of land in that place, called by the inhabitants Wick and Weymouth, near the Island, to his faithful minister, Astere. In the time of Edward the Confessor it belonged to the Abbey of Cerne, as part and parcel of the manor of Radpole.

Though at all times of political importance, Weymouth rapidly declined until the middle of the eighteenth century. Various causes combined to this state of affairs. The prosperity of Poole as a rival port seriously affected the commerce of the place, until in 1787 George III. made Weymouth his summer residence, and his presence gave a healthy and increasing impetus to its affairs.

The late Ralph Allen, Esq., of Bath, first recommended Weymouth as a bathing-place. Being himself advised, about the year 1753, to use sea-bathing, he received great benefit, and the recommendation of this gentleman induced others to visit the place, which soon became the resort of the first families from every part of the kingdom. But to the late Duke of Gloucester the town is mostly indebted for the important position it holds; for his Royal Highness having himself felt singular benefit in the re-establishment of his health, and having provided a house which afforded a temporary residence for the Royal Family, advised George III. to visit this place.

The town is abundantly supplied with water of the purest description; and on account of the elevated position of the reservoir, the pipes can be carried into the highest rooms of the houses, whilst hydrants are placed at convenient distances throughout the town to secure an immediate supply in case of fire.

The bathing place is the beautiful bay, which forms nearly a semicircle, making a sweep of about two miles. It is admirably protected from winds by the surrounding hills, which not only exhibit a pleasing and picturesque view, but render the sea so perfectly secure that storms but seldom disturb its tranquility. The sands and the Esplanade offer a promenade scarcely to be equalled by any watering place in England. From the windows of the houses fronting the bay a most delightful prospect may be obtained; the mountainous hills and chalky cliffs on the left, whose lofty heads salute the clouds, stretch upwards of 20 miles from east to west. On the right, the bay and town are secured by a range of hills immediately connected with it, and by the Island of Portland, at some little distance from it.

About half-a-mile S. W. of the town, on a high cliff, stands Weymouth Castle, built in 1553, by Henry VIII. The walls were thick and lofty when entire, and though not large it must have been a beautiful structure. It appears to have been thoroughly neglected since the Restoration, and is now entirely in ruins.

THE HILL.
She's jilted me, my Joe John,
She offered me my hat;
I did not like to go, John,
But what care'st thou for that?
I loved her, long have loved her,
And thought my love returned,
But my misapprehension,
And now my love is spurned.
'Tis useless to pursue her,
I clearly now perceive;
She would not have a wooer
Who wears an empty sleeve.
'Twas not my empty sleeve, Tom,
I judge 'twas something worse;
And this you may believe, Tom,
I was your empty purse.
If you design to win her,
But let your metal ring,
And true as I am a sinner,
I will catch that scolding thing.
But when you have caught her,
And made her fast for ever,
You'll me the day you bought her,
She'll never make a wife.
The girl who looks with scorn
On empty sleeve or purse,
Believe me, Tom, take warning,
Will always prove a curse.
Then be no more her lover,
But let the scolder go,
To do as she will do;
What now she does not know,
That you are no longer a wooer,
And then for her mistake,
Dear Tom, 'tis my opinion,
Had she a heart, 'twould break.

A YANKEE TRICK.

A certain farmer, who in the course of a year purchased several dollars worth of goods, (and always paid for them,) called at the store of a village merchant; his regular place of dealing—with two dozen brooms, which he offered for sale. The merchant, (who, by the way, is fond of a good bargain,) examined his stock, and said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a skilful apiece for those brooms."
"Oh, no, John, I can't begin to take that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have 'em for 20 cents a piece, and not a cent less."

"Cyrus you are crazy," replied John. "Why see here," showing a rifle lot of brooms, "is an article a great deal better than yours (which was true) which I am retailing at 12 1/2 cents a piece."

"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus; "your brooms are cheap, but you can't have mine for less than 20 cents any how," and pretending to be rather more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant, getting nervous on the loss of a good customer, and fearing that he would go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, John, on a while. If I give you 20 cents for your brooms, you will not object to take the price of them out in our goods?"

"No, I don't care if I do," replied Cyrus.

"Well, as you are an old customer, I will allow you 20 cents apiece for this lot. Let me see—24 times 20 makes just 480 cents. What kind of goods will you have, Cyrus?"

"Well now, John, reckon it don't make much difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"Oh, no, not at all," said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make any difference, I will take the amount in them brooms of yours at twelve and a half cents apiece. Let me see, four dollars and eighty cents will get 20 brooms and ten cents over. If don't make much difference, John, about ten cents, but as you are a right clever fellow, I believe I'll take the change in tobacco."

The police force of Paris consists of 57,000 men, and the cost of maintaining the department is thirteen millions of francs, on one-twelfth of the revenue of the capital.

Some scientific men say that there should be some iron in food, so that electricity can investigate the system.

A brother and two sisters live in Portland, Me., whose united ages are 285 1/4 years.

SIT LOVEGOOD'S SHIRT.

The first person I met was "Sut," after crossing the Hiwassee, weaving and moving along in his usual rambling and uncertain gait. His appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. Just upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"You know I boards with Bill Carr at his cabin on the mountain, and pays for such as I gets when I have money, and when I haven't any, why he takes one-third outen me in cash, and she, that's his wife, lets, takes out 'other two-thirds with her tongue, and the interest is more than the principal—heaps more. She can scold a blister out a bull's face, right on the curl, in two minits. Oh, she's one on 'em, and sometimes two or three. Well, you see, I got some home-made cotton truck to make a new shirt, and coaxed Bets to make it, and about the time it was done lawyer cum along and axed for breakfast. I wish it had jizened him, and I wonder it didn't, for she cooks awful mixins when she tries. I'm pizen proof myself, or I'd been dead long ago."

Well, while he was a catin' she spied out that his shirt was stiff and mity slick; so she never rested till she worid' it outen him that flour did it, and arter he left she set in and hiled a big pot of paste, night onto a peck of it, an' souned in my shirt and let it soak awhile; then she tuck it an' ironed it out that dry an' sot it upon its aidge upon the catin in the sun. Thar it stood, as stiff as a dry hoss hide, an' it rattled like a sheet of iron, it did. I was pazed together all over. When I came to dinner nothin wud do but I must put it on. Well, Bets an' me got the thing open arter some hard work, she pullin' at one of the tails and me at t'other, an' I got into it. I felt like I had crawled into an old bee gun an' it full of pinus; but it were like lawyer Johnsoo's, an' I staid it like a man, and went to work to build Bets a ash-hopper. I worked powerful hard and sweet like a boss, and when the shirt got wet it quit its lurring. Arter I got dun I took about four fingers of red-hot, and crawled up into the catin to take a smize.

Well, while I waked up I thought I was wed, or had the cholery, for all the joints I could move were my ankles, wrists an' knees. I couldn't even move my head, and skawly wink my eyes—the cussed shirt was pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint of the tails to the pint of the broadax collar over my ears. It sot to me as close as a poor cow due to her hide in March. I squirmed and strained till I sorter got it broke at the shoulders and elbows, and then I shuffled my breeches off and tere loose from my hide about two inches all round, in much pain and tribulation. Oh! but it did hurt. Then I took up a plank outen the loft and lung my legs down through the hole, and nailed the aidge of the front tail to the floor before me, and the hind tail I nailed to the plank wot I set on.

I unbuttoned the collar and ribbands, raised my hands above my head, set up my eyes, and jammed through to the ground floor.

"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I—t—h—i—n—k—i—t—d—i—d. I hearn a noise sorter like taring a shingle off ov a house all at onst, and felt like my bones was all that reached the floor. I staggered to my feet and took a look at my shirt. The nails had all hit their bolt, and thar it was hanging, arns down, inside out, and as stiff as ever. It looked like the map of Mexico just arter one of the first battles—a patch of my hide just about the size of a dollar and a half bill here; a bunch of my hair about the size of a bird's nest thar; then some more skin; then some paste; then a little more hair; then a heap of skin; then more hair; then skin, and so on over that new fangled shirt. It was a pizer to look at—an' so was I. The hide, hair an' paste was about evenly divided on me and it. Wonder what Bets thort when she come home and found me misin'! Speer she thinks I crawled into a thicket and died of my wounds. It must have skared her good, for I tell you it looked like the skin of some beast torn off alive, or a bag what had kerrid a load of fresh beef from a shootin' match."

Now, George, if ever I ketch that lawyer Johnsoo out I'll shoot him; and if ever a woman talks about flattening a shirt for me agin, I'll flatten her."

"Does the court understand you, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor intoxicated?"

"Not at all sir. I merely said that I had seen him so hurried that he would attempt to cut out copy with the editor, that's all."

MAKING HOME COMFORTABLE.

"How long have we got to wait for dinner, I should like to know?" said Jake Frink to his wife Polly, one day in hoeing time. "It's to had to keep three men waitin' an hour for their grub."

"You've got to wait till the trash is cooked, with which to cook your dinner," said Aunt Polly, snappishly. "You know, Jake Frink, that you have never had a second curl of wood at your door any time since I have lived with you, and that is going on seven-and-thirty years. All that time green brush has been the chief article of kindling. One might think that your whole farm was a brush pasture teetotally. I should like to have you try cooking with green wood a little while, and see how you would like it."

"Well, Polly, hurry up, any way," said Jake, "for we are all mighty hungry, and corn wats hoeing badly. You see brush is economical, and what I can't sell I can use at home."

"Pretty economy it is, to keep your wife in a stew all the while, and hired men a waiting hours every day, because green wood wont burn. It is smoke, hiss and fizzle from morning to night, and I no sooner get a blaze going, than I have to put on more green wood, and then there is another sputter. I never see such a house as this is," said Aunt Polly, with great emphasis, and with a face as red as a beet.

Jake is a great sinner, although he thinks he is so good that he does not need to go to meeting and hear Mr. Spooner preach. He would try the temper of a man more suitly woman than Aunt Polly, and keep her on the rack. He might just as well put red pepper in her eyes, as to keep her kitchen always smoked up with green brush. The draft of the chimney is none of the best, but that would be remedied with well-seasoned wood. Now you see that man don't care more for his wife than for a dumb animal. I guess he would fit a sheep out of the ditch, especially in these times, when wool is a dollar a pound. But he keeps his wife in the ditch about all the while, and never suspects that she is a bit uncomfortable.

It does seem as if some men took less care of their wives than of the dumb cattle in their fields. If the rooms in their houses had been drawn together by chance, they could not have been more inconvenient. A good arrangement of the rooms saves one-half of the labor. Sometimes the sleeping-room is on the second floor, and there is many a journey up and down stairs during the day for the woman already overburdened with care. Sometimes the store-room is in the garret, and other journeys have to be made daily, for supplies for the table. Everything she needs for her work should be upon the first floor, and close at hand. There is no unnecessary waste of strength then in filling her place as housekeeper, cook, dairy-maid, landress, wife and mother, for many a farmer's wife is expected to fill all these offices, and to be always cheerful and happy, waiting the coming of her fledge lord, as if she had nothing else to do but to be a wife.

The lot of a farmer's wife, as it generally runs, is rather a hard one, and is made hard very often from the want of attention to little things. If a man needs twenty cords of wood for the year, it costs no more to get it in the winter, in a time of leisure, and to have it chopped, split and under cover, than to get it, a load at a time, and have the torment of a slow fire all the while. This not only makes more labor, but it frets and worries, which is a good deal worse than work. Dry wood is one of the secrets of a comfortable wife. That is what makes Mrs. Thunker so hale and handsome, past sixty. She wouldn't know how to keep house without dry wood. I guess she wouldn't, for she has never had any thing else.

Deacon Smith is a good man, and means well, but he does not know how to use a wife. His well has hard water, that won't wash, and all the water on wash-day has to be brought from the brook, more than forty rods from the house. To be sure he keeps a servant, but it makes a world of work for servant and housekeeper. He might have a cistern that wouldn't cost twenty dollars, and it would save more than that value of labor every year. He has roofing enough to keep it supplied with water all the while. And then the Deacon carries on a large farm, and keeps a half-dozen hired men, and boards and lodges them all in his own house. Now what a burden this lays upon a woman, when they ought to be much better accommodated in small farm houses of their own. It is quite as easy to have part of the labor needed to do farm work done by a hired man, as to have it done by a woman.

"The New England Emigrant Aid Co. have published a pamphlet replete with information concerning the 'Land of Flowers,' a few extracts from which will be found of interest to readers.

The climate of Florida is of unsurpassed salubrity, and is one of its chief attractions. There are seven months of summer, two or three of what would be called at the north early autumn weather and two or three of most delicious spring time. The summer, though warm, is not oppressively hot, the average temperature at Jacksonville being 82. Last winter the lowest temperature there was 30 above zero. The farther south one goes, and the nearer the east coast he keeps, the less the variation of the climate. Mr. Byrce, long a resident of Florida, says the winters are delightful, five days out of six being bright and cloudless, and of the most agreeable temperature. In the southern portion of the peninsula frost is never felt. The winter resembles very much that season in the Middle States called Indian Summer, except that the sky is perfectly clear, and the atmosphere dry and elastic. Rain falls but rarely during winter months; three, four, and not infrequently five months of bright, clear, cloudless days occur continuously. This is one of the greatest charms of the winter climate in Florida. Contrary to what might be expected, the summer weather of East Florida is much more agreeable, and its heat less oppressive than that which is experienced in the Middle States. This is owing to its being flanked by the breezes of the Atlantic on the east, and those of the Gulf of Mexico on the west, while the trade wind blows over the whole peninsula. The summer months are invariably cool, and even the hottest days are seldom oppressive in the shade. Frequent showers occur during the months of March, April, May and June, and about the first of July what is called the rainy season commences, and continues till about the middle of September. Although it rains about every day during this season, it seldom rains all day.

East Florida is proverbially healthy. The whole state has been a winter resort of the people of the north, and the hygienic which are sought in winter by northern people, for the mildness of the air, are resorted to in summer by southern people for their coolness and healthiness. Intelligent men who have tried the climate thoroughly, declare Florida must eventually be not only the winter garden of America, but also the permanent abode of many a farmer or mechanic who is warned by some tickling in his throat that his lease of life is short if he remains north. Of the northern people who have gone down to work plantations during the last two years, we have yet to hear of the first one who has had any illness whatever. Statistics show that the average annual mortality in Florida is less than that of any other State in the Union.

To a New Englander accustomed to a wealth of green grass on every hillside, or to a Western man fresh from the deep black loam of the prairies, the soil of Florida looks very thin and poor. It is mostly sandy with a marl or limestone base beneath, and though light it produces well whenever brought under cultivation. The land in Florida is of two kinds, pine lands and hammock lands. First rate pine lands have several inches of dark vegetable mould on the surface, beneath which is a chocolate colored sandy loam for several feet, resting on marl, clay, or limestone rock. Some of these lands have been known to produce for fourteen successive years, without the aid of manure, four hundred pounds of Sea Island cotton to the acre. The second rate pine lands form the larger proportion of the productive soil of Florida. These afford a fine natural pasturage, are well timbered with pitch and yellow pine, and are for the most part, high, rolling, and well watered. The fair yield for these without manure is from 100 to 150 pounds cotton. They will also produce, when properly cultivated, tobacco, oranges, lemons, limes, sweet potatoes, &c. The hammock lands are of two classes, low and high. The timber of these is hard wood, live oak, water oak, cherry, bay, sweet gum, magnolia, &c., and the growth is often very heavy. The low hammock is low, nearly level, with deep rich soil, extremely well adapted to the growth of sugar. There are also swamp lands in Florida, which are perhaps the most directly rich lands in the whole State. These are alluvial, and of recent formation. They are deposits of vegetable debris washed in from adjacent higher lands. Their fertility seems inexhaustible. But the labor of clearing and ditching them is very great, and as a residence near them is unhealthy, they will not be much sought after by northern men. But when under cultivation such lands will produce enormous crops of cotton and sugar.

Timber abounds everywhere in Florida. Almost all the land was originally covered with forest, and the plantations which have been cleared and the towns which have been built have only made bare and there a breathing hole in the vast woods. Few of the plantations have more than one-third of the whole number of acres cleared and under fence, and all the rest is virgin forest.

Florida produces a great variety of profitable crops, which in that light, porous soil can be cultivated at a smaller expense than almost anywhere else. The soil never bakes under the hottest summer sun, nor grows hard and heavy through the heating of winter rains. Less labor, therefore, is required to prepare the land for seed, and less in the culture of the crops. Cotton is the principal staple, sugar, and the best of Cuba tobacco can be raised, the season being so long that three cuttings of the latter can be had. Indigo grows wild all over the State, having been introduced by the Spaniards, and in old colonial days was the principal crop raised. Upland rice grows everywhere; corn is not considered a profitable crop to raise, and does not generally produce so much to the acre as in the north and west. Sisal hemp is an article which has been cultivated to some extent, and is recommended as one of the most remunerative crops. Coffee may be raised all through the southern and eastern sections. Tea culture is to become an important branch of industry in the State. Silk growing at one time enlisted considerable enterprise, and there is no reason why the northern countries should not produce this valuable staple extensively.

Fruit culture is destined to be the most important and remunerative occupation in Florida. Oranges, lemons, figs, limes, bananas, guavas, olives, pineapples, guavas, &c., besides peaches, plums, and grapes, in the greatest profusion, flourish through the southern portion of the state. Until one has eaten Florida oranges, he has no conception of what an orange should be. In size, juiciness, sweetness, richness, in every respect characteristic of the oranges of our country, they are superior to the lifeless, unsatisfactory fruit sold under that name in the northern market. Calculating the actual crop of well cultivated trees they will yield \$1000 per acre, gross receipts. Apples, plums, quinces, apricots and all the smaller fruits, are said to do well. Berries are abundant, especially blackberries, while strawberries ripen early in March. Plants set out the first day of March ripen their berries in 30 days, and bore plentifully till July. Hovey's Seedling bears all summer till December.

Florida is destined to be the market garden as well as the fruit orchard of all the northern cities. The vegetable list is very large, and many of them can be raised all the year round. Potatoes, peas, cabbages, beets, turnips, cauliflower, can be ripened every month in the year, and grow best perhaps in the fall and early winter. Melons of all descriptions grow almost spontaneously. Peasants are about as profitable a crop as can be raised especially on new ground. The care of planting and cultivating is but little, and the yield is large.

One thing to be taken into account in going to Florida is the amount of game and fish which can be easily procured; deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, &c., are more or less numerous everywhere in the woods. Bears are to be found in the southern section, where they come along the sea-coast to feed upon the large supplies of turtle's eggs which are deposited there in the season. In the winter, the waters of the St. Johns and Indian rivers, and the lakes, everywhere are covered with millions of duck and other kinds of waterfowl, which find their winter home. Every river, bay, inlet and creek swarms with fish in the greatest abundance, while the banks of the salt rivers, inlets, and lagoons are covered by innumerable numbers of oysters, in some places forming such bars as to impede navigation.

The proprietors of the new ocean cable from West say that line will pay at one-third the rates now charged by the Atlantic.

A law has been enacted in Canada directing that the doors of all public buildings should open outwards.

The man hanged in by a crowd has now been troubled with a side stitch.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES A THEOTOTALLER.

Among late items of news from England is the announcement that the Prince of Wales has taken the comprehensive pledge. The fact of a young man foregoing of his own free will the pleasures of the bottle, and breaking up the seductive associations which poetry, song and false sentiment have thrown around them, is worthy, at any time, of commendation and praise. Every case of this kind is good in itself; it is good also as serving for an example and encouragement to others to do the like, and thus, the process of initiation going on, a pure and salutary is gradually substituted for a polluted and noxious moral atmosphere. But when a prince royal and heir apparent to the throne takes such a bold and decided step in favor of temperance, he will soon be followed by large numbers of the aristocratic, the fashionable and the wealthy, who would have held back or ridiculed a similar proceeding by a less distinguished personage. Even though they may not at once banish alcoholic liquors from their entertainments, they will no longer think it necessary to procure the most delicately flavored or costly wines to offer to the Prince, or to press them on others in his presence. It is not for us to say, though we may conjecture what has been the directly inciting cause of the present pledge taken by the Prince of Wales. In the rounds of revelry and song which he has run of late, both in Paris and in his own capital, he may have found himself going too fast, and that both health and temper were beginning to suffer. He is a husband and a father, and cannot be insensible to the new and positive duties which these new relations impose on him, as head of his household and an exemplar to his children.

Another view of the subject may have presented itself to the mind of the Prince. His thoughts quite probably ran on the history of his great uncle, George IV., the greatest debauchee, and in all respects the most profligate man of the age in which he lived. With such a dark picture in his memory, and contrasting it with the purity of life of his father, Prince Albert, it must have occurred to the Prince of Wales that one of the surest means of avoiding the gross vices of his great uncle, and of imitating the virtues of his father, and of securing for himself an honorable name in the list of British sovereigns, would be to follow the advice of Solomon, "It is not for kings, O Lemuel! to drink wine."—*Phil. Ledger.*

"The Hymns," says a correspondent, is a sticky stream. "Yes," replies an English parson, "it is confined to its bed."

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FLORIDA.

The New England Emigrant Aid Co. have published a pamphlet replete with information concerning the 'Land of Flowers,' a few extracts from which will be found of interest to readers.

The climate of Florida is of unsurpassed salubrity, and is one of its chief attractions. There are seven months of summer, two or three of what would be called at the north early autumn weather and two or three of most delicious spring time. The summer, though warm, is not oppressively hot, the average temperature at Jacksonville being 82. Last winter the lowest temperature there was 30 above zero. The farther south one goes, and the nearer the east coast he keeps, the less the variation of the climate. Mr. Byrce, long a resident of Florida, says the winters are delightful, five days out of six being bright and cloudless, and of the most agreeable temperature. In the southern portion of the peninsula frost is never felt. The winter resembles very much that season in the Middle States called Indian Summer, except that the sky is perfectly clear, and the atmosphere dry and elastic. Rain falls but rarely during winter months; three, four, and not infrequently five months of bright, clear, cloudless days occur continuously. This is one of the greatest charms of the winter climate in Florida. Contrary to what might be expected, the summer weather of East Florida is much more agreeable, and its heat less oppressive than that which is experienced in the Middle States. This is owing to its being flanked by the breezes of the Atlantic on the east, and those of the Gulf of Mexico on the west, while the trade wind blows over the whole peninsula. The summer months are invariably cool, and even the hottest days are seldom oppressive in the shade. Frequent showers occur during the months of March, April, May and June, and about the first of July what is called the rainy season commences, and continues till about the middle of September. Although it rains about every day during this season, it seldom rains all day.

East Florida is proverbially healthy. The whole state has been a winter resort of the people of the north, and the hygienic which are sought in winter by northern people, for the mildness of the air, are resorted to in summer by southern people for their coolness and healthiness. Intelligent men who have tried the climate thoroughly, declare Florida must eventually be not only the winter garden of America, but also the permanent abode of many a farmer or mechanic who is warned by some tickling in his throat that his lease of life is short if he remains north. Of the northern people who have gone down to work plantations during the last two years, we have yet to hear of the first one who has had any illness whatever. Statistics show that the average annual mortality in Florida is less than that of any other State in the Union.

To a New Englander accustomed to a wealth of green grass on every hillside, or to a Western man fresh from the deep black loam of the prairies, the soil of Florida looks very thin and poor. It is mostly sandy with a marl or limestone base beneath, and though light it produces well whenever brought under cultivation. The land in Florida is of two kinds, pine lands and hammock lands. First rate pine lands have several inches of dark vegetable mould on the surface, beneath which is a chocolate colored sandy loam for several feet, resting on marl, clay, or limestone rock. Some of these lands have been known to produce for fourteen successive years, without the aid of manure, four hundred pounds of Sea Island cotton to the acre. The second rate pine lands form the larger proportion of the productive soil of Florida. These afford a fine natural pasturage, are well timbered with pitch and yellow pine, and are for the most part, high, rolling, and well watered. The fair yield for these without manure is from 100 to 150 pounds cotton. They will also produce, when properly cultivated, tobacco, oranges, lemons, limes, sweet potatoes, &c. The hammock lands are of two classes, low and high. The timber of these is hard wood, live oak, water oak, cherry, bay, sweet gum, magnolia, &c., and the growth is often very heavy. The low hammock is low, nearly level, with deep rich soil, extremely well adapted to the growth of sugar. There are also swamp lands in Florida, which are perhaps the most directly rich lands in the whole State. These are alluvial, and of recent formation. They are deposits of vegetable debris washed in from adjacent higher lands. Their fertility seems inexhaustible. But the labor of clearing and ditching them is very great, and as a residence near them is unhealthy, they will not be much sought after by northern men. But when under cultivation such lands will produce enormous crops of cotton and sugar.

Timber abounds everywhere in Florida. Almost all the land was originally covered with forest, and the plantations which have been cleared and the towns which have been built have only made bare and there a breathing hole in the vast woods. Few of the plantations have more than one-third of the whole number of acres cleared and under fence, and all the rest is virgin forest.

Florida produces a great variety of profitable crops, which in that light, porous soil can be cultivated at a smaller expense than almost anywhere else. The soil never bakes under the hottest summer sun, nor grows hard and heavy through the heating of winter rains. Less labor, therefore, is required to prepare the land for seed, and less in the culture of the crops. Cotton is the principal staple, sugar, and the best of Cuba tobacco can be raised, the season being so long that three cuttings of the latter can be had. Indigo grows wild all over the State, having been introduced by the Spaniards, and in old colonial days was the principal crop raised. Upland rice grows everywhere

[illegible]

Weymouth Gazette

Weymouth Gazette

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NEW YORK, Sept. 1 (AP)—Returning to her country home after a stay of six months in the city, Mrs. Gladys Adams today resumed her life as a social hostess, and, dressed in her usual soft, white, simple gown, she plainly told them that she had not changed. Her only change was that she had become a mother. Her new baby, a son, was born last night at the New York Hospital, and she is now in the maternity ward. Mrs. Adams, who is 35, is the wife of the late John Adams, a prominent New York City lawyer and politician. She is the daughter of the late John Adams, a prominent New York City lawyer and politician. She is the daughter of the late John Adams, a prominent New York City lawyer and politician.

Abstract =

VOL. 1.

Weymouth.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY

C. G. EAST.

TERMS—\$2 PER AN.

SELECTED

TURN THE GRIND.

And now, behold! faith, three; but the greatest of all,
Cut, chop, Pl, v. 1, 1.

The good turn deserves
So turn the old grind;
Turn the old grind;
And love and good will
The treadmill of life is
But its pains and its sorrows
Which we're to know;
But honesty will bring
And each kind deed
So turn the grinds;
And deeds of kindness
One good turn deserves
So turn the grind-stone;
Turn the old grind-stone;
Turn till the kingdom
A reward is given for our
Help, the helper, your
And win a prize by a
Win Faith, Hope, Charity
Greater of these is Love
So turn the grinds;
And deeds of kindness

MISERIES OF SEA-BATHING.

Mr. Harris, who is the
Pargate, one of the
players, relates some of
sea-bathing, as follows:

There is a strong tide
seasons, with unexpec-
shifting sands. On one
Harris was departing
direction of the speckle-
voice addressed her first
"Go away, you wicked
streamed: "Go away, you
"Madam," replied that
it is the tide; the neap
tide, or something, and
it has carried away my
and all my things, and
to this one, or he draw
"If you only dare,"
you only dare so much
awning. I will—yes, I
police"—and with that
steps as fast as her bat-
permit, halted before the door
and (she says) fainted
held on desperately to
the water, dressed, and
home.

I was nearly driven
gate last year by an ac-
that happened to my
out our vehicle to a gro-
the impulse of my ex-
because there were bar-
and was swimming like
head, when I suddenly
ing shoreward. I saw
the machine; but the
rent I had heard so
much for me. I was
ing, for I could keep
enough; but worse than
ing threatened me: I
home, in spite of all
down upon the explan-
blushing from head to
may say, from top to
getting shallower ever,
ed not turn my face to
"Ladies!" I said—"I
is cursing me to you
help it—upon my knees
shall be no dry land in
nites. I shall have
head!"—I thought it
worst at once—"I shall
ly a hundred yards, I
jump in again with my
my bathing machine."
this I thought they
from a hurried glance
shoulder I saw they
about four and twenty
heard a sound of spen-
"Ladies!" I began
wished I might be a
of my days rather than
des I don't look to it
call you to witness it
cur—"At this place
full of sand, and more
than ankle deep in it
gate Star of the en-
the rest; I am not
was not on the Satur-
ful thing occurred, at
special edition of the
that very evening.
it is:

Disgraceful Outrage.
say that the express
made the scene, at
outrage, the perpe-
trust, the police with
secure. While we
were employing the
bench with thought-
graceful articles for
their boarders, they
appearance of an el-
men from swimming

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1867.

NO. 21.

Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.
TERMS—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

TURN THE GRINDSTONE.

And now, brethren, faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.—1st Cor., chap. 13, v. 13.

The good turn deserves another.—So turn the grindstone, brother!

And love and good will come. The treadmill of life is only a wheel, but its pulley and its screws all must feed.

Whether we're honest or whether we steal, But honesty will bring good cheer.

And each kind deed will draw a cheer; So turn the grindstone, turn.

And deeds of kindness turn. The good turn deserves another. So turn the grindstone, brother!

Turn the old grindstone, turn. Turn the old grindstone, turn.

A reward is given for each good deed.—Help the weary, your neighbor that stumbles in need.

And with a price by a heavenly crowd: With Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, Greatest of these is Charity!

So turn the grindstone, turn. And deeds of mercy turn.

C. H. FRANKLIN.

MISERIES OF SEA BATHING.

Mr. Harris, who, last summer, visited Purgate, one of the English bathing places, relates some of the incidents of sea bathing, as follows:

There is a strong tide here at certain seasons, with unexpected currents and shifting sands. On one occasion, as Mrs. Harris was departing herself, under the direction of the speckled man, a male voice addressed her from without.

"Go away, you wicked wench!" she screamed. "Go away directly, bad-man!"

"Madam," replied the voice—"madam, it is the tide; the neap tide, or the spring tide, or something, and I cannot help it; it has carried away my bathing machine, and all my things, and I must climb in to this one, or be drowned!"

"If you only dare," said my wife—"if you only dare so much as to lift the awning, I will—yes, I will—I will cry 'police'!" and with that she ran up the steps as fast as her bathing gown would permit, behind the door of the machine, and (she says) fainted. But the man held on desperately to the outside of the machine, and, waded to his horse.

I was nearly driven away from Purgate last year by an affair of this kind that happened to myself. I had ordered out our vehicle to a great distance, under the impulse of my extreme modesty, and because there were ladies on the beach, and was swimming lazily about the pier head, when I suddenly felt myself drifting shoreward. I struggled to regain the machine, but the current—the current I had heard so much of—was too much for me. I was not afraid of drowning, for I could keep myself afloat well enough; but worse than death by drowning threatened me: I was being gradually borne, in spite of all my efforts, directly down upon the expiring! I felt myself blushing from head to foot—tingling, I may say, from top to toe—and the water getting shallower every moment. I dared not turn my face to shore, but raised my voice as well as I could in warning.

"Ladies!" I said—"ladies, the current is carrying me to your feet. I cannot help it—upon my word, I can't—and I shall be on dry land in a couple of minutes. I shall have to run along the beach!"—I thought it best to tell them the worst at once—"I shall have to run nearly a hundred yards, ladies, before I can jump in again with any hope of regaining my bathing machine." When I had said this I thought they would be off; but from a hurried glance over my right shoulder I saw they were still there, about four and twenty of them, and I heard a sound of suppressed laughter.

"Ladies!" I began again—and now I wished I might be a sand-eel to the end of my days rather than what I was—"ladies! don't look in this direction; but I call you to witness it is only the current—" At this place I got my mouth full of sand, and found myself not more than ankle deep in water. Let the Purgate Star of the evening Saturday tell the rest; I am not sure, indeed, that it was not on the Saturday that this dreadful thing occurred, and that there was a special edition of the Star devoted to me that very evening. At all events, here it is:

Disgraceful Outrage!—We regret to say that the episode of Purgate was made the scene, at mid-day, of a flagrant outrage, the perpetrator of which we trust, the police will make every effort to secure. While our fair promenade were employing their minds upon the beach with thoughtful looks, or knitting graceful articles for the adornment of their bonnets, they were terrified by the appearance of an elderly monster in human form swimming swiftly towards them.

and uttering the most savage but intelligible sounds. [This refers, I suppose, to my simple statement regarding the form of the current.] "Our fair friends, of course, rose on the instant, and made the best of their way homeward."

—(they did nothing of the kind, but sat as still and composedly as though I had been a novel species of jelly-fish)—and the ruffian, having reached the shore, contented himself with pursuing them for a moderate distance with dreadful cries.

JEFF DAVIS.

And his family with the Howells, now reside in an elegant house in Montreal. His next door neighbor is a worthy Canadian merchant, who has a Scotch wife of considerable pluck and spirit, and both take a great deal of pride in a beautiful garden which is attached to their house.

Since Jeff and his family came to reside next door to them the young members of Jeff's family have partially destroyed this garden by tearing down beautiful trees, tramping over flower beds, etc., much to the grief and annoyance of all the family. About two weeks ago, however, Mrs. Davis took the law into her own hands. The circum-stances, as follows: Jefferson Davis, Jr., was seen to climb the fence and get into the garden, and was quietly engaged in picking strawberries and stuffing himself with them, when our Scotch lady immediately proceeded to the garden, picked up a birch wand, and gave young Jeff a sound thrashing—letting him go with the admonition that the dose would be repeated every time he was found there unmixed.

Of course the youth went home howling from the application of birch to his hips, and the whole family of the "President" was up in arms, and an immediate demand was made by the female portion of the family that Jeff Davis himself should proceed to the neighbor's house and demand satisfaction. He accordingly proceeded, rung the door-bell, which was opened by the lady herself; after which the following colloquy took place:

Jeff Davis:—I desire to see the lady of the house.

What may I call you if you'll excuse me for speaking?

Jeff Davis:—(Hesitatingly)—I am President Davis.

Scotch Lady:—Oh! so you're Jeff Davis, are you? You're a neighbor of ours, aren't you?

Jeff Davis:—I am.

Scotch Lady (rather suspiciously)—And what may be your business with me?

Jeff Davis:—I came to inform you that one of your servants abused my son Jeff in a most shameful manner.

Scotch Lady (rising to the dignity which attaches to a true matron)—Dinna deceive yerself! Mr. Jeff Davis, it was name of my servants that gave the culprit a kicking, I did it myself; and what's more, if ever I find him in our garden again, I'll give him a double dose.

Jeff Davis:—That is outrageous conduct to both my family and myself. I will appeal to the law and have you arrested.

Scotch Lady (getting her usual up)—Arrested? Jist try that. I suppose ye think you're in the Confederacy and still President of it. You'd put me in prison, would ye? How did ye like it yerself?—it's no sae lang since ye got out! Weel, you're a pretty man to talk of arresting anybody—jist after ye escaped the halter of the skil of yer teeth.

At this juncture, Jeff Davis beat a hasty retreat, leaving our Scotch lady still talking, and when the latter saw he was leaving, she slammed the door after him.

Handkerchief Flirtation.—The following are said to be the signs:

Drawing across the lips—desire of getting acquainted.

Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.

Dropping—we will be friends.

Twirling in both hands—indifference.

Drawing across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing through the hands—I hate you.

Letting it rest on the right cheek—yes.

Letting it rest on the left cheek—no.

Twirling in left hand—I wish to get rid of you.

Twirling in right hand—I love another.

Folding it—I wish to speak with you.

Over the shoulder—follow me.

Opposite corners in both hands—wait for me.

Drawing across the forehead—we are watched.

Placing on right ear—you've changed.

Placed on left ear—I have a message.

Letting it remain on eyes—you're cruel.

Winding around forefinger—engaged.

Winding round third finger—married.

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

"Upon my word, this is about the coolest proceeding I ever knew."

Colonel Templar sat in his bachelor sanctum, where the rays of an April sunshine shone in lines of glittering gold among the Neapolitan vases in the window, and drove the little canary half wild with a silver-voiced delight—a sanctum crowded with a miscellaneous confusion of meercloths, in different stages of color, dressing gowns, cigar boxes, newspapers, and gorgeous velvet slippers.

He contracted his brows moodily over a letter whose pink paper and delicate scent of foreign perfume betokened a troublesome lady correspondent.

"Dear Sydney," Yes, I'm always "dear" when Martha wants a disagreeable nomination executed—what hypocrites women are, to be sure—"an eligible woman, somewhere, in some nice locality, it surely can be no trouble to engage one for us."

No trouble, oh no! No trouble to rush from pillar to post house-hunting? Where's the indemnity of bachelorhood, I'd like to know? I might as well be a married man in good earnest, if I'm to be saddled with all the responsibility of the thing. I won't be imposed upon—I'll write to Martha at once and tell her—

Colonel Templar gave his jet black mustache a savage jerk, and pulled his writing desk resolutely forward. Then a softer mood seemed to draw athwart his mind—he hesitated, biting the handle of his pen meditatively.

Poor little Martha—she always was my pet cousin, and I suppose it is rather inconvenient for her to come all the way here to look for a house—and her husband will be in India till the middle of May, and—well, the upshot of the whole matter is that I'm doomed to victimize myself, and the sooner it's over the better. Heigho! where's the newspaper? I'll just look over the "To Let" first, and then I'll go to the estate agencies!

The sun was peeping from behind masses of clouds, like a shy beauty who alternately smiles and hides her face—the air was full of faint, cool breezes, when Colonel Sydney Templar, saluted by the wind, opened his door, and forth, armed and equipped with various references, directions and addresses, to engage in the momentous business of house-hunting.

He was not a handsome man—yet you would have turned involuntarily to look after him as he sauntered by, attracted by the deep, sun-kissed lines of his dark eyes, and the firm outline of his lips. So Col. Templar was not handsome, but he was what the ladies term "interesting."

Moreover, he carried an empty sleeve where the left arm should have been—an everlasting memorial of the red battle clouds.

"It seems odd enough for me to go house-hunting," mused Templar as he strolled onward through the dusty streets. "For me the solitary, homeless recluse of one and thirty years old. Four years ago things appeared differently to me—four years ago I might have dreamed of a home of my own with Marion Caryll's bright eyes to light up its hearthstone!"

Ah, me! this is a world of change! a careless world—a little misunderstanding, and here I am a crippled old soldier, while Marion is probably the sunshine of some other man's life. Hold on—I am getting muddled and romantic—oh, Sydney Templar? This will never do, old fellow!

The Colonel gave his heavy black locks a backward toss, as if impatient at his own folly, and vigorously directed his attention to the list of eligible residences, in his pocket book.

"No, no—street, here's the very place. What's painting badly on the outside, but may present a more promising appearance within. At all events I'll try."

He rang the bell, and a brief skirmish of servants in the hall, a faded lady, in dyed silk, and hair, in crimping pins, appeared.

"Is this house to let madam?" inquired our Colonel, deferentially.

"Well, yes, it is to be let, but you can't see it now."

"Can't see it now?"

"No," snarled the lady, vindictively. Hours are between two and four."

"I'm quite sure the female in the crimping pins is an old maid," declared the Colonel, merrily, "and I think she must have breakfasted off broken glass and candle needles. I wonder if the people at No. 171—street, will be any more allable."

A pretty blue-eyed woman, in a torn wrapper and slippers down at the heels, answered the door bell.

"Can I see this house?" inquired Colonel Templar.

"Well, I'll ask Marion—she knows."

hair?" asked the blue-eyed one. "My husband is out, and we've been troubled with thieves and respectable-looking agents who carried keys with 'me, that—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Under the circumstances, I will not intrude," said Colonel Templar, with a polite elevation of the eyebrows. "Perhaps, however, you will be good enough to see that I leave the door—mat behind me, quite safe."

"It's well I didn't let him come in," was her mental comment. "He looks as if he might be a little crazed."

While Colonel Templar stroked his mustache, and pondered dubiously within himself, "I wonder if I do look like a rogue."

"Herbert! Bertie! don't you hear the door-bell? Herbert, I say!"

The gentleman apostrophized as "Bertie" was sitting at an old-fashioned mahogany desk, absorbed in a pile of hotel manuscript, with dishevelled hair, and middle finger deeply stained with ink—evidently a young author, and very much in love with his profession. Directly before him stood the speaker, a young lady of twenty-two or thereabouts.

She was exceedingly pretty, with the innocent, dimpled beauty of a white kitten or a pet rabbit; blue-eyed, with a complexion where faint rose seemed to glow through the transparent skin, and a mouth like a dash of scarlet velvet, while her lovely golden hair was fastened straight back in a great luxuriant twist.

En disshable, evidently, but quite pretty enough to excuse all defects of flour-sprinkled hands and hair half loose.

"Door-bell!" repeated the young man, staring vaguely.

"Yes, some one to see the house, I suppose—and I such a figure. Do, please go to the door, Bertie, there's a jewel. Mary has gone to the grocery's, and see what a state I'm in!"

She held up both dimpled hands, and nodded archly in the glass at a huge doury patch on the peach-blush cheek.

"There it goes again! But make haste, Bertie, and on your life, don't show me for the cause is high!" and she broad as half baked, and I'm half distracted, and the rolling-pin and spice boxes and egg-beaters are lying around loose, and—there."

And the young lady expedited matters with a dash that left five white dots from her finger ends on the back of Mr. Herbert's easel-dresser gown.

"The dear absent-minded goose," she pondered, as she muttered down stairs to the kitchen, "if there's any mistake to be made here it'll be sure to make it."

"Why, yes, the house is to let," said Mr. Bertie, in answer to the courteous inquiry of the tall stranger. "And I suppose you want to look at it?"

Colonel Templar smiled.

"I should like to inspect the rooms; that is, if it is quite convenient."

"Oh, quite—walk in. This is the hall and—I believe those are the stairs; and—oh! here are the parlors."

Sidney Templar glanced carelessly around the lofty rooms, thinking they would suit his audacious little cousin very well, when suddenly a portrait hanging over the carved mantelpiece caught his eye.

"Marion Caryll?"

He did not articulate the syllables, but they sounded through his brain as if a thousand silver tongue bells had pealed their forth! Yes, it was Marion Caryll with the bright golden ringlets flowing away from her fair, blue-veined temples, and the rose mouth ready to break into smiles that were answered by the dewy sparkle of her eyes.

"Marion Caryll?" he repeated vaguely to himself. "And this is Marion's house, and Marion's husband is leading me through the rooms. How dreamlike it is!"

"I'm afraid you're tired," said honest Bertie, looking compassionately at Sidney's ashen pale face, and wondering that he had not before noticed how colorless he was.

"A little tired," stammered Colonel Templar, feeling the hot blood rush to his brow once more. But no matter—don't let me detain you. I believe you said the rent was—"

"I haven't the idea. I believe it is either one hundred and eighty, or perhaps sixty. I knew we paid fifty, but the landlord is going to raise it, and Marion and I are thinking of a furnished cottage somewhere."

"Marion's husband is not a man of business," thought Sidney.

"Marion's husband?" How the word cut to his heart.

"Well, I'll ask Marion—she knows."

said Herbert. "Now, then, I'll take you down into the lower department."

Oh, Bertie, Bertie, had you already become oblivious of the words of caution heaped on your luckless ears?

Pretty Marion, screwing the top on to one of her spice-boxes, heard the advancing of footsteps with a sudden thrill of apprehension.

"It can't be possible that that goose, Bertie, has forgotten what I told him," she thought. "He has thought, as sure as the sun is shining, and I'm caught."

Marion dropped her box of fragrant all-spice, and looked with wide open eyes of dismay at her big apron.

"They are coming," she stammered, turning alternately red and white. "There's no help for it. I shall have to hide in the preserve closet."

And our little heroine, ignominiously taking refuge in flight, ran lightly across the kitchen floor and hid herself among preserve strawberries, East India ginger, and glimmering jars of cherries.

"I'll don't beture Bertie," said Marion, setting her little white teeth together like belligerent pearls, as the two gentlemen came into the kitchen, and she heard their voices discussing the relative merits of stoves and ranges.

"By the way," said Herbert, suddenly, "I believe there are some nice closets down here, at least Marion says so, and—hullo! the door seems to stick!"

He gave it a jerk. Marion's two hands held resolutely on the door knob on the other side. Another resolute pull, full of well directed energy, and the two little hands succumbed.

The door flew open.

Bertie staggered back into the middle of the room, and Marion stood there among the preserves, woefully confused yet laughing wildly, like a marvellously pretty mouse in a novel species of trap.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie! I—"

She stopped suddenly as her shy glance met the eyes of the tall stranger. She stopped in the middle of the floor, checked in her instinct of flight by some still stronger instinct, and blushing, she interposed, while the little eyes, half hidden by the white lids, were full of sparkling tears, and the mouth was breaking into a tumultuous smile—for Marion did not know whether she most wanted to cry or laugh.

"Sidney—oh, Sidney!"

He bowed gravely.

"I'll introduce you to your husband, Marion, I scarcely know by what name to address you."

"My husband?" repeated Marion, following the direction of Sidney Templar's eye.

"Oh, you mean Bertie! But he isn't my husband—he's my brother! Herbert, this is Colonel Templar, who fought so bravely."

Marion's face lighted up as she spoke; she had forgotten about the preserve closet and the bill upon now.

"Colonel Templar, I'm glad to shake hands with you," said straightforwardly Bertie, "Marion has talked about you many and many a time—my, and cried, too, when she talked of you."

"Bertie."

Now she adored indeed; deep, deep crimson, like the red heart of a pomegranate blossom opening under tropical skies.

"But your husband, Marion?"

Bertie Caryll broke into a genial laugh.

"What follows you soldiers are for sticking to one idea. Our Marion isn't married."

"Not married! Oh Marion?"

He took her hand and looked wistfully into her eyes.

"Marion, we were very foolish once but I think we are both wiser now."

She did not raise her long lashes, and he went on.

"But, Marion, the crippled, war-worn soldier dare not ask the question that the lover would have pleaded so earnestly once."

She looked up now with tears lying brightly on her flushed cheek.

"Then I will ask it, Sydney, do you care for me still?"

"Do I care for Heaven's sunshine? Do I care for the blessed life that beats within my own heart? Oh, Marion—mine, mine forever!"

As he murmured the tender words close to her ear, Herbert Caryll, who had been abstractedly spinning the rolling pin round, brought it down on the snowy pine table with a bang.

"I love it! Fifty pounds a year?"

"What is fifty pounds a year?" questioned his brilliant sister.

"Why, the rent, to be sure."

"Now, mind the rent plot now, M. there and here—the latter serving to

Caryll," said Colonel Templar, laughing good humoredly.

"Oh, but it is really fifty pounds a year," said Herbert solemnly. "And—why, look here! what is this about?"

For Marion had led Sidney Templar up to him and was smiling even while the tears hung on her wet eyelashes.

"Will you love him very much, Bertie?"—for I think he is going to be your own brother."

"Exactly like the last chapter in my novel," said Caryll, sagely. "Shake hands, Colonel. And now, Marion, you take care of him, for most of my writing is shockingly behind hand."

So it happened upon that sunny April day the Colonel Sidney Templar engaged not only a house for his cousin Bertie, but a wife for himself.

We'll take down the bill, Bertie," said Marion, demurely, "because Colonel Templar likes the house, and—and I don't exactly think showing rooms is your forte."

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1. WEYMOUTH, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1867. NO. 22.

Weymouth Gazette. PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY C. G. EASTBROOK. TERMS: \$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES. DRIFTING. All over the banks the wild wind blew. With shivering sails and tangled rigging, And close to the margin the ship lay.

Weymouth Market. WILLIS & WORSTER, Provision & Grocery Store, CORNER COMMERCIAL AND WASHINGTON STS., WEYMOUTH.

INSTANTLY on hand a good assortment of Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, Butter, Cheese, etc., and Family Groceries.

B. F. SHAW, DEALER IN FAMILY GROCERIES, Flour and Grain, Seasonable Dry Goods, etc.

Weymouth Drug Store, CORNER OF BRADY AND MILLER STS., EAST WEYMOUTH.

S. WHITE & CO., Apothecaries, AVI, a full stock of Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals, of best quality, including all the latest and most improved.

SAMUEL CURTIS, OFFICE WAREHOUSE, CORNER OF BRADY AND MILLER STS., EAST WEYMOUTH.

JOHN F. KILTON, CORNEY & Counsellor at Law, CORNER OF BRADY AND MILLER STS., EAST WEYMOUTH.

QUINCY THRELL, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, RESIDENCE, BELLEVILLE, KING OAK HILL, SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Mrs. Temple's Reviving Remedy, THE GREATEST MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

Whiskers and Mustaches, TO BE GROWN upon the smoothest face in the shortest time.

As her parents were not expected home until evening, Will left perfectly serene in stopping awhile after tea, and heard Kate were having a jolly time.

Will could not resist the pleading in Kate's eyes, and he had pointed to the door in the afternoon.

My first visit with my friend was very pleasant, and so much so that they invited me very cordially to call again.

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1907.

Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society.

Monday last was noted in this town as the opening day of the third annual exhibition of the Agricultural and Industrial Society. The weather during that and the succeeding days of the exhibition was all that could be desired, presenting a marked contrast to the inclement and lowering skies of the previous year. The first day, as is usually the case was a day of arrangement, getting ready for the mass of visitors many, however were attracted to the grounds by the favorite game of base ball, a match being played between the Exeter and Liberty Squares, premiums \$12, and \$8. The game was contested until the fifth inning, when the umpire ended the game, the score standing in favor of the Liberty Square.

On Tuesday morning all things were in readiness for the rush to the grounds, and great was the excitement. Men, women and babies were passing the entrance all the forenoon and during a part of the afternoon, and the tickets sold were hardly able to keep pace with the call for tickets. The ploughing match and spading match were vigorously contested, and the trials of working oxen, and draught horses, proved that these necessary aids to the agriculturist were sufficiently cultivated in their different spheres to keep up the reputation of their owners as thorough farmers.

These portions of the exhibition were witnessed by a large gathering of the initiated, and when concluded the track was resorted to for the display of matched horses, four-in-hands, and trotting colts. The full afternoon was broken at 1:30 P. M. by the announcement of the races, which occupied the afternoon, and divided the attention of the crowd with the base ball playing by the Athletics of Quincy and Mechanics of East Weymouth, which resulted in the victory of the Athletics—score 56 to 11. The sports of the second day were greatly enhanced by the fine musical performance of the Weymouth Brass Band, which was continued through that and the succeeding day.

Wednesday dawned fair and bright, and the Society repeated another beautiful harvest of reward in the thorough multitude which pressed into the enclosure. At 10 A. M. Hon. George B. Loring, of Salem, addressed the assembly in the manner of an orator, and his duties of a farmer's life. The address gave general satisfaction and would be useful as a printed work.

At 11 A. M. the trotting commenced and was continued till 12, when the grand cavalcade was formed, and passing round the track with winking display of horse-manship, dispersed for dinner. The afternoon witnessed the continued excitement of the races, the gradual dispersion of the cattle and swine and lesser animals on exhibition and the general local report of the Fair, which had proved one of the most successful yet held. The weather continued favorable until 4 P. M. Wednesday, when a series of heavy showers drove the audience to the shelter of the tents.

THE EXHIBITION IN THE TENT. Though limited in some of its aspects, was as a whole, very creditable to the Society, and attracted a constant stream of visitors. The fine arts and fancy work department was as full and complete as at previous exhibitions and presented many beautiful specimens of the handicraft of ladies of the town. Four tables were devoted to this portion of the exhibition, and in addition to these the tent wall on one side was hung with splendid afghan, bedspreads, rugs, oil paintings and pen drawings, work, pressed flowers, hair wreaths, shell and moss work, and many other tasteful and beautiful articles. An account in detail may be interesting to some of our readers, especially to those who were unable to attend the Fair.

The show on the tent wall was made up of several fine afghans by Mrs. S. Spurr, Mrs. Wm. Shaw, Mrs. Hattie Walker, Mrs. Wm. Nash, and Mrs. Sampson; handsome bedspreads by Mrs. John Dyer, (South Braintree), Mrs. Barbara Barnes, (North Abington), Mrs. R. M. Shaw, Mrs. Daniel Nolan, Lavina T. Pickard, Mary A. Chapp, Mrs. Anna Tirrell, Miss D. H. Niles, Mrs. Albert Hildart, Mrs. Benj. Bartlett, Mrs. Hannah Blanchard, Mrs. Mary Powers.

Other articles on the wall were a chair, Mrs. Spurr, child's afghan, A. C. Howes, manufacturer of worsted articles, headed rug, Mrs. Wm. Shaw, button rug, Miss Murren, head wreath, Mrs. E. P. Torrey, (East Abington), pen drawing, "Regular Communications" (Old Colony Lodge), with day and home industry, Chas. S. March, (Town Clerk of Hingham), oil painting, "Bargaining for a Horse," E. Walder, 2d, Hingham, three oil paintings, Master Frank P. Whitaker, age 13 years, oil painting, "Valley of the Alps," Mrs. Mary R. Snow, crayon picture, "Military School, West Point," Miss Ida Daggett, age 14, (an elegant specimen of sketching) white wax crayon, Mrs. C. O. Wilson, (elegantly wrought) oil painter, F. L. Wright, (compos-

er of Thomas Nash, as Ensign in the first company of foot, Weymouth, issued by the Colonial Governor, Hingham, 1771, pressed flowers, Lizzie Dyer, sea shells and sea mosses, gathered at Santa Cruz by E. Nash, exhibited in a shell frame; breakfast show, Mrs. E. J. Lamson oil paintings, Geo. A. Morse, chair seat, Mrs. Wm. Nash; pressed rug, Miss Murchin; oil paintings, E. K. Whitaker; card cross in frame, Geo. Hollis; hair wreath, in form of flowers, producing a beautiful effect by mingling of white, black, brown and gray hair; unit, Albert R. Howes; shell work piece, C. E. Howes; watch case, Mrs. Eva Bates; breakfast show, Mrs. E. S. Readford, embroidered piece, Mrs. E. J. Lamson; pressed flowers, Miss Lizzie Dyer.

Passing to the tables we notice a set of peach-stone jewelry, comprising brooch and earrings, ingeniously carved by Mr. E. L. Bode; a sword of a sword-belt, captured at Monaghan, exhibited by H. Newton, Esq.; brackets, E. M. Curtis; fancy basket, Ernest Lund; worked cushion, Bridget McCue; watch cases, Mrs. G. R. Bowker, Mrs. John Briggs; head and worked lamp unit, Mrs. G. R. Bowker; embroidery, Mrs. N. W. Thomas; Marion Daggett; decorative work and brooch, skirt, Hattie Walker; worked cushion, Miss A. L. White; worked pillow case, Mrs. Bridget Murrell; needlework, Miss E. S. Readford; ironed chemise, Mrs. Mary Hady; child's skirt, Mrs. John Armstrong; child's yoke, Maggie E. Armstrong; Mary E. Joy; handkerchief, Marie J. Cushing; chemise do, Jennie Curtis; neck skin, Mrs. Lathrop; shell ornament, Miss Elmira Curney; child's braided dress and skirt, Mrs. T. Church; pin cushion, Alice M. Lund; knit hood, Mrs. E. J. Lamson; tannery, Ellen A. Eastbrook; worsted tie, Eliza T. Orent; worsted hood, Alice J. Nash, 13 years; old worsted hood and tides, Hattie Hobart; wax cross, Ida Daggett; pillow case and burl baskets, Mrs. Alfred Hildart; sofa pillow, Mrs. S. S. Spurr; paper basket, made of bits of colored paper, called upon and glued together—a very ingenious and pretty device; pin cushion, Miss Selma Thomas; dolls, Mrs. N. Sargent; needle cushion, Mrs. G. A. Foster; lamp unit, with tulle case, Mrs. B. H. Everett; pin cushion, Mrs. Susan L. Tirrell, 80 years old; case of skeleton leaves, Mrs. Mary Fisher; one basket, Jennie Reed; shoes 80 and 100 years old, Mrs. H. R. Bowker; doll, Mrs. H. N. Sargent; water color paintings, Susan T. Merritt; cane from California sugar pine, over a foot long, Mrs. E. A. Nash; velvet cushion, Mrs. E. P. Tirrell; back box, Mrs. E. Nash; pin cushion, made of bark from one of the California log trees, Mrs. E. Nash; basket of fruit, shell and nut work, do; embroidery, Mrs. Annie Curtis; Mrs. G. R. Bowker, Mrs. A. Cleverly, Mrs. E. H. Raymond, Mrs. E. E. Podes; head unit and feather fan, Mrs. L. Bates; traveling bag, Mrs. S. M. Sampson; velvet ottoman, Mrs. M. Vining; case of knitting, Mrs. David Holbrook; knit tie, Fannie M. Bartlett, Mrs. B. Chandler, Aida E. Bartlett; stuffed wood duck, B. Hawes; bottle puzzle, Mr. Joseph; bark from manzanita tree in California; velvet ottoman, Mrs. E. P. Tirrell; slippers, Margaret J. Olan, Mrs. S. S. Spurr.

In manufacture and inventions there was a fair variety of articles, among which may be particularly noticed the elegant one containing one of Mrs. L. Tuck's Supporters, which the Committee considered so much merit as to award her the first prize in inventions. Mrs. T. has made the article a subject of much study, and ladies who have used the supporter pronounce it the best thing of the kind manufactured.

A. Houswell exhibited hand-some harnesses, D. J. Lauer exhibited work; John O. Foye an ancient spanish gown; J. H. Sprague a patent fire pump; D. R. Corney, patent mill carriage; Messrs. Lindly, Shaw & Co., Joseph Reed, and other manufacturers, hand-some specimens of boots while several boot-makers exhibited their handwork which was excellent. L. Tuck exhibited stoves and hardware; Bryant marble work, Alfred Loring calf skins.

The exhibition of fruits, though smaller in number of contributions than at the Hingham exhibition, was inferior to none in point of quality. The contributions in the department of apples were as follows: Mrs. H. Thomas, governing; Edwin Thomas, Porters; R. A. Holbrook, Baldwin and Bicknell; A. L. Lord, blue and yellow pearmain; Leander Curtis, Perry; J. A. Richardson, russets; Wm. T. Snow, russets; Samuel Cleverly, 2d best single dish Hubbard apple, very fine; Nona B. Derby, Porter; R. C. Weston, yellow pearmain; Jos. A. Reed, Baldwin; H. L. Lovell, Porter; Wm. Dyer, Baldwin; Willard Dyer, blue pearmain; P. E. Lord, greening; Wm. F. Hall, bellflower and Hubbardston; Susan W. Lord, Baldwin; Henry J. French, golden russet; W. H. Chapp, Baldwin; John Thomas, Pomeroy; Theron Hove, Hubbardston; E. W. Snow, Hovey red greening; blue pearmain; yellow do, Mott; New York Lady Savoy; (1st prize, best display.) Geo. C.

Thomas, Baldwin; Wendell Bates, Hubbardston; Thomas Nash, russets; G. W. Pratt, Gold Perry, Fancuse, Dairy, Winter Sweet, Baldwin, Hubbardston; H. F. Pratt, Porter, Kingman, Tirrell, nameless russet; R. L. greening, Baldwin; Gravenstein; A. H. Tirrell, Hubbardston; Ezra Reed, 11 varieties—Bells Favorite, Jewett red, red pearmain, russets, Newton pippin, pound, Porter, Bicknell, Spitzenberg, yellow pearmain, blood, greening; Melvin Bates, Porter, Thomas Nash, Baldwin; Josiah Reed, Fancuse, Baldwin, Porter, pippin, F. A. Tirrell, Baldwin; James Hall, red, sweet greening; Tom Paine George, Torrey, Baldwin; Loring Pratt, Porter, Fancuse, red pearmain; G. M. Blanchard, golden russet, Baldwin, winter spier, blue pearmain; Wm. Dyer, yellow pearmain; O. P. Shaw, greening.

Pears were abundant on the tables and formed a notable feature of the show of fruit. Without going into detail of varieties, among so many different names, we merely specify the fine display of Messrs. M. C. Dyer, A. Tirrell, D. S. Murry, Josiah Reed, W. B. Richmond, Harrison E. Joy, E. Leonard S. Hunt, and C. C. Blanchard. Other exhibitors were Olan White, R. C. Weston, W. H. Bond, M. B. Derby, O. R. Shaw, Wm. E. J. Whitcomb, P. E. Lord, N. B. Thayer, Loring Pratt, S. W. Shaw, E. T. Joy, Geo. Torrey, Michl. Blanchard, Frank Thomas, E. W. Shaw, Mr. J. S. Fogg, B. F. White, John O. Foye, G. W. Pratt, Ezra Reed, A. H. Tirrell, W. A. Shaw, W. H. Chapp, E. N. Reed, G. N. Blanchard, Mr. T. Hill, Alvah Raymond, L. Heald, J. A. Richardson, J. B. Howe, Mr. Nathl. Shaw, Sanford Hollis, J. A. Rich.

Among other fruits were a few specimens of quinces exhibited by H. J. French, C. D. Pratt, and Wm. Bartlett. Also peaches by Henry Dyer, E. G. Andrews, Augustus Lord, G. W. Pratt, D. D. Randall, Josiah Reed, Maud Tirrell and Edwin Thomas.

Grapes were among the prominent items of interest in the fair exhibition. Caleb S. Holbrook of East Randolph showing a fine lot raised under glass. Open culture exhibitors were J. N. Hollis, C. H. Pratt, M. B. Thayer, E. T. Joy, M. C. Dyer, G. N. Blanchard, P. E. Lord, S. Hollis, W. H. Reed, L. Heald, C. A. Tirrell, J. A. Richardson, J. B. Howe, Mrs. Susan L. Tirrell, 80 years old; case of skeleton leaves, Mrs. Mary Fisher; one basket, Jennie Reed; shoes 80 and 100 years old, Mrs. H. R. Bowker; doll, Mrs. H. N. Sargent; water color paintings, Susan T. Merritt; cane from California sugar pine, over a foot long, Mrs. E. A. Nash; velvet cushion, Mrs. E. P. Tirrell; back box, Mrs. E. Nash; pin cushion, made of bark from one of the California log trees, Mrs. E. Nash; basket of fruit, shell and nut work, do; embroidery, Mrs. Annie Curtis; Mrs. G. R. Bowker, Mrs. A. Cleverly, Mrs. E. H. Raymond, Mrs. E. E. Podes; head unit and feather fan, Mrs. L. Bates; traveling bag, Mrs. S. M. Sampson; velvet ottoman, Mrs. M. Vining; case of knitting, Mrs. David Holbrook; knit tie, Fannie M. Bartlett, Mrs. B. Chandler, Aida E. Bartlett; stuffed wood duck, B. Hawes; bottle puzzle, Mr. Joseph; bark from manzanita tree in California; velvet ottoman, Mrs. E. P. Tirrell; slippers, Margaret J. Olan, Mrs. S. S. Spurr.

In Flowers, John Barnes, of North Abington, displayed a vase of fluted flowers; Francis S. Torrey, received a prize for his elegant and extensive display of flowers, and other exhibitions of merit in this line were made by G. Hollis, Mr. G. R. Thayer, Mr. Olan White, Mrs. M. A. Nolan, M. J. Orent, Mrs. E. T. Joy, Emily V. White, Eliza T. Lord (who had 100 varieties); Olan P. Shaw, (a fine specimen of Negit B. coming from M. A. B. Curtis, C. S. Pratt, Mrs. A. B. W. Randall, Mrs. Gittington Nash, Miss Jennie E. Hollis.

Cummers were exhibited by J. A. Richards, Ernest Nash, Isaac Sherman, Jos. Hawes, Howard Pool, Henry Humphrey, E. W. Smith, O. B. Bates, Joseph Orent, B. F. White, Barnes, raised by J. Hawes, peppers by Capt. Tirrell, and Cullington Nash, and tomatoes by E. H. Raymond, and the list in this portion of exhibition.

The show of vegetables was small, but good; J. N. Dyer exhibited stalks of corn about 12 feet in length; Olan White displayed a large and varied assortment of different varieties; A. S. Howe, squashes; Olan P. Shaw, pepper plants; F. S. Torrey, Frank Holbrook, squashes, Wm. Rice, a paragon bean; Arthur B. Cushing, Mr. T. White, Michael Gilligan, O. P. Shaw, Josiah Reed, Mr. Jos. Tirrell, Francis Cushing, and Henry Rockwood, potatoes of different kinds; O. P. Shaw, beets; F. E. Bates, A. S. Howe, peapods; Joseph Hawes, a basket of very handsome King Philip corn; Master F. O. Cullington, California snap corn, about 2 inches long; Isaac Shaw, Ezra Reed, Josiah Reed, J. Hawes, G. W. Pratt, F. Cushing, Warren Thayer, B. G. White, Mrs. Capt. Tirrell, C. A. Richards, Mrs. Thos. Hill, Jas. Welch, Richard A. Holbrook, D. S. Murry, squashes.

Butter making seems to be in a languishing condition in town, there being but two competitors at the Fair—Mrs. T. Vining, A. T. Wild.

Bread was nearly as scarce as butter. Mrs. Mary Donivan, Mrs. Theron Cushing, Florida Grover, Emma Sampson and Mrs. Wm H. Reed exhibiting specimens of their skill.

Preserves, as on exhibition were in liberal quantity. John O. Foye, Wm. B. Bond, and Loring Pratt, exhibited mels of honey in hives and boxes.

OF THE FAIR.

The display of stock was very large, and proved to be one of the greatest attractions on the grounds. Among the notable cattle were the Jerseys of M. M. Hodgman, who is preparing a stock farm on the river, at North Weymouth; Rev. J. P. Terry had a nice lot on exhibition; Albert Tirrell's stock was very fine, and in fact, the whole show was very good.

Some were exhibited to a fair extent, and among them was a lot long belonging to M. L. Cushing, weighing 600 lbs. The poultry coops were well filled with various breeds of fowls, ducks, geese, &c., making an excellent appearance.

Without extending our outline of the exhibition further, we pass to the

PREMIUM LIST.

Cattle and Poultry Exhibitors.

Miss E. A. White, best cow, 1st prize, 100.00
 E. N. Blanchard, 2d, 50.00
 Mrs. David Holbrook, 3d, 25.00
 Mrs. E. A. White, 4th, 10.00
 Mrs. E. A. White, 5th, 5.00
 Mrs. E. A. White, 6th, 2.50
 Mrs. E. A. White, 7th, 1.25
 Mrs. E. A. White, 8th, .62
 Mrs. E. A. White, 9th, .31
 Mrs. E. A. White, 10th, .15
 Mrs. E. A. White, 11th, .07
 Mrs. E. A. White, 12th, .03
 Mrs. E. A. White, 13th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 14th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 15th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 16th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 17th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 18th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 19th, .01
 Mrs. E. A. White, 20th, .01

Vegetables.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
 Mr. T. Vining, 8th, .62
 Mr. T. Vining, 9th, .31
 Mr. T. Vining, 10th, .15
 Mr. T. Vining, 11th, .07
 Mr. T. Vining, 12th, .03
 Mr. T. Vining, 13th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 14th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 15th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Butter and Cheese.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
 Mr. T. Vining, 8th, .62
 Mr. T. Vining, 9th, .31
 Mr. T. Vining, 10th, .15
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 Mr. T. Vining, 15th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Honey and Confectionery.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
 Mr. T. Vining, 8th, .62
 Mr. T. Vining, 9th, .31
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 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Phonograph and Musical Instruments.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
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 Mr. T. Vining, 14th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 15th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Manufactures and Agricultural Implements.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
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 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Manufactures and Makers of Boots and Shoes.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
 Mr. T. Vining, 8th, .62
 Mr. T. Vining, 9th, .31
 Mr. T. Vining, 10th, .15
 Mr. T. Vining, 11th, .07
 Mr. T. Vining, 12th, .03
 Mr. T. Vining, 13th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 14th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 15th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Flowers.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
 Mr. T. Vining, 8th, .62
 Mr. T. Vining, 9th, .31
 Mr. T. Vining, 10th, .15
 Mr. T. Vining, 11th, .07
 Mr. T. Vining, 12th, .03
 Mr. T. Vining, 13th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 14th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 15th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Fruit.

Mr. T. Vining, best specimen, 1st prize, 100.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 2d, 50.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 3d, 25.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 4th, 10.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 5th, 5.00
 Mr. T. Vining, 6th, 2.50
 Mr. T. Vining, 7th, 1.25
 Mr. T. Vining, 8th, .62
 Mr. T. Vining, 9th, .31
 Mr. T. Vining, 10th, .15
 Mr. T. Vining, 11th, .07
 Mr. T. Vining, 12th, .03
 Mr. T. Vining, 13th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 14th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 15th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 16th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 17th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 18th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 19th, .01
 Mr. T. Vining, 20th, .01

Working Omen and Steers.

Committee—Driver H. Shaw, Chairman; Francis Richards, Thos. B. Bates, 1st prize, 100.00
 David Cushing, 2d, 50.00
 David Cushing, 3d, 25.00
 David Cushing, 4th, 10.00
 David Cushing, 5th, 5.00
 David Cushing, 6th, 2.50
 David Cushing, 7th, 1.25
 David Cushing, 8th, .62
 David Cushing, 9th, .31
 David Cushing, 10th, .15
 David Cushing, 11th, .07
 David Cushing, 12th, .03
 David Cushing, 13th, .01
 David Cushing, 14th, .01
 David Cushing, 15th, .01
 David Cushing, 16th, .01
 David Cushing, 17th, .01
 David Cushing, 18th, .01
 David Cushing, 19th, .01
 David Cushing, 20th, .01

Committee—E. W. Smith, Chairman; Charles W. Haydon, Wm. T. Shaw, 1st prize, 100.00
 Wm. T. Shaw, 2d, 50.00
 Wm. T. Shaw, 3d, 25.00
 Wm. T. Shaw, 4th, 10.00
 Wm. T. Shaw, 5th, 5.00
 Wm. T. Shaw, 6th, 2.50
 Wm. T. Shaw, 7th, 1.25
 Wm. T. Shaw, 8th, .62
 Wm. T. Shaw, 9th, .31
 Wm. T. Shaw, 10th, .15
 Wm. T. Shaw, 11th, .07
 Wm. T. Shaw, 12th, .03
 Wm. T. Shaw, 13th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 14th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 15th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 16th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 17th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 18th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 19th, .01
 Wm. T. Shaw, 20th, .01

Committee—Wm. T. Shaw, Chairman; John H. Hildart, 1st prize, 100.00
 John H. Hildart, 2d, 50.00
 John H. Hildart, 3d, 25.00
 John H. Hildart, 4th, 10.00
 John H. Hildart, 5th, 5.00
 John H. Hildart, 6th, 2.50
 John H. Hildart, 7th, 1.25
 John H. Hildart, 8th, .62
 John H. Hildart, 9th, .31
 John H. Hildart, 10th, .15
 John H. Hildart, 11th, .07
 John H. Hildart, 12th, .03
 John H. Hildart, 13th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 14th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 15th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 16th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 17th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 18th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 19th, .01
 John H. Hildart, 20th, .01

Committee—L. R. Tirrell, Chairman; Wm. A. Shaw, 1st prize, 100.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 2d, 50.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 3d, 25.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 4th, 10.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 5th, 5.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 6th, 2.50
 Wm. A. Shaw, 7th, 1.25
 Wm. A. Shaw, 8th, .62
 Wm. A. Shaw, 9th, .31
 Wm. A. Shaw, 10th, .15
 Wm. A. Shaw, 11th, .07
 Wm. A. Shaw, 12th, .03
 Wm. A. Shaw, 13th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 14th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 15th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 16th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 17th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 18th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 19th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 20th, .01

Committee—L. R. Tirrell, Chairman; Wm. A. Shaw, 1st prize, 100.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 2d, 50.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 3d, 25.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 4th, 10.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 5th, 5.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 6th, 2.50
 Wm. A. Shaw, 7th, 1.25
 Wm. A. Shaw, 8th, .62
 Wm. A. Shaw, 9th, .31
 Wm. A. Shaw, 10th, .15
 Wm. A. Shaw, 11th, .07
 Wm. A. Shaw, 12th, .03
 Wm. A. Shaw, 13th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 14th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 15th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 16th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 17th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 18th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 19th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 20th, .01

Committee—L. R. Tirrell, Chairman; Wm. A. Shaw, 1st prize, 100.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 2d, 50.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 3d, 25.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 4th, 10.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 5th, 5.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 6th, 2.50
 Wm. A. Shaw, 7th, 1.25
 Wm. A. Shaw, 8th, .62
 Wm. A. Shaw, 9th, .31
 Wm. A. Shaw, 10th, .15
 Wm. A. Shaw, 11th, .07
 Wm. A. Shaw, 12th, .03
 Wm. A. Shaw, 13th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 14th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 15th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 16th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 17th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 18th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 19th, .01
 Wm. A. Shaw, 20th, .01

Committee—L. R. Tirrell, Chairman; Wm. A. Shaw, 1st prize, 100.00
 Wm. A. Shaw, 2d, 50.00

A sovereign remedy for Lamebacks, Bums
and all other ailments.

Smith's Arnica Ointment.
This ointment is superior to the common Arnica
Preparation.

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